

THE  
CAMPAIGN.

To which is added,

A LETTER from *ITALY*

To the Right Honourable

*CHARLES* Lord *HALIFAX*.

By the Right Hon. *JOSEPH ADDISON*, Esq;



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BUCKS near the Mansion-House, 1756,

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To which is added

A LETTER FROM ITALY

THE NEW YORK

CHRISTIANITY

THE NEW YORK



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THE  
C A M P A I G N.  
TO THE  
Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

WHILE crouds of princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enroll your name,  
While emperors to you commit their cause,  
And *Anna's* praises crown the vast applause,  
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,  
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,  
Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,  
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An *Iliad* rising out of one campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld with tow'ring pride,  
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,

*Pyrene's* lofty barriers were subdu'd,  
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood;  
*Ausonia's* states, the victor to restrain,  
 Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Apennines* in vain,  
 Nor found themselves with strength of rocks immur'd,  
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;  
 The rising *Danube* its long race began,  
 And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;  
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,  
*Germania* trembled thro' a hundred states;  
 Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear;  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair,  
 His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain's* queen the nations turn their eyes,  
 On her resolves the western world relies,  
 Confiding still amidst its dire alarms,  
 In *Anna's* councils, and in *Churchill's* arms.  
 Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the guardian of the continent!  
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;  
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;  
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:  
 Their sovereign's well distinguish'd smiles they share,  
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;  
 The nation thanks them with a public voice,  
 By showers of blessings heav'n approves their choice;  
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.  
 Soon as the vernal breezes warm the sky,  
*Britannia's* colours in the zephyrs fly;





Her chief already has his march begun,  
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,  
 Till the *Moselle* appearing from afar,  
 Retards the progress of the moving war.  
 Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall,  
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;  
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,  
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise;  
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,  
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts  
 Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia's* arms appear,  
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,  
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,  
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;  
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.  
 The long laborious march he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,  
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,  
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:  
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews  
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues;  
 Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,  
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,  
 Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds  
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
 Our *British* youth, with inborn freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,  
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,  
 (Their Maker's image more than half-defac'd)

Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,  
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.  
 Still to the rising sun they take their way,  
 Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.  
 When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast  
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,  
 That chearfully its labours past forgets,  
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,  
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)  
 Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain  
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:  
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far  
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,  
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,  
 Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* crimes.

At length the fame of *England's* hero drew  
*Eugenio* to the glorious interview.  
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;  
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd out rays  
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.  
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,  
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood  
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;  
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,  
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,  
 And only in the field of battle shown:  
 To souls like these in mutual friendship join'd,  
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human kind.

*Britannia's* graceful sons appear in arms,  
 Her harrafs'd troops the hero's presence warms,

Whilst the high hills, and rivers all around,  
 With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound:  
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,  
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.  
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,  
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews.  
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:  
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away  
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,  
 Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last:  
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;  
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,  
 Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,  
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:  
 Great *Churhill* owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,  
 His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes  
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,  
 The close compacted *Britons* win their way;  
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd  
 With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste;  
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke,  
 Thro' flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,  
 Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;  
 The battle kindled into tenfold rage

With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,  
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire,  
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,  
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom !  
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore,  
To march where *Britons* never march'd before.  
(O fatal love of fame, O glorious heat,  
Only destructive to the brave and great !)  
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.  
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,  
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear ;  
While *Marlbro'* lives, *Britannia's* stars dispense  
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.  
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed,  
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed ;  
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,  
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear  
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,  
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,  
*Britannia's* safety, and the world's repose ;  
Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :  
Thou liv'st not for thyself, thy queen demands  
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;  
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
And *Europe's* destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain ;  
The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,  
And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd.



So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides  
 The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides;  
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,  
 The trembling peasant sees his country round  
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,  
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of the fight)  
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,  
 And *Maribro's* form in ev'ry shadow fear,  
 Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace  
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To *Donawert*, with unresist'd force,  
 The gay victorious army bends its course.  
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
 Whatever spoils *Bavaria's* summer yields,  
 (The *Danube's* great increase) *Britannia* shares  
 The food of armies, and support of wars:  
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,  
 And cannon doom'd to batter *Landau's* walls,  
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,  
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,  
 And made imaginary realms thy own ?  
 Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,  
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,  
 Nor find it there : surrounded with alarms,  
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the *Gallic* arms;  
 The *Gallic* arms in safety shall advance,  
 And croud thy standards with the power of *France*,  
 While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*  
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man compleat.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
 By proffer'd grace ; but long he strove in vain,  
 'Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.  
 In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand  
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land,  
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
 And mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat :  
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,  
 And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake :  
 The listening soldier, fix'd in sorrow stands,  
 Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;  
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,  
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far  
 In shriller clangors animates the war :  
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,  
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat :  
*Gallia's* proud standards to *Bavaria's* join'd,  
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind ;  
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,  
 And while the thick embattled host he views,  
 Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,  
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain ;  
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,  
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,

Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,  
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
*Europe's* loud cries, that providence assail'd,  
 And *Anna's* ardent vows at length prevail'd;  
 The day was come, when heav'n design'd to show  
 His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array  
 The long extended squadrons shape their way!  
 Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts  
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;  
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
 No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul;  
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,  
 O'erlook the foe advantag'd by his post,  
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:  
 Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space  
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;  
 Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britannia's* bands.  
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,  
 The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,  
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
 'Twas then great *Marlbro's* mighty soul was prov'd,  
 That, in the shock of charging hosts, unmov'd,  
 Amidst confusion, horror and despair,  
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:  
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage:

So when an angel, by divine command,  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!  
 The dread of *Europe* and the pride of *France*.  
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows;  
 And with a general's love of conquest glows;  
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear,  
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:  
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,  
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave;  
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,  
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day,  
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay:  
 A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
 Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lie,  
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.  
 O *Dormer*! how can I behold thy fate,  
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!  
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung?  
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
 And, fill'd with *England's* glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;  
 Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,  
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,  
 Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,  
 Lie in the *Danube's* bloody whirl-pools drown'd.



Troops of bold youth, born on the distant *Soane*,  
 Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhone*,  
 Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides.  
 Or where the *Loire* thro' winding vineyards glides,  
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,  
 And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.  
 From *Blenheim's* tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,  
 Beholds the various havock of the fight;  
 His waving banners that so oft had stood  
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,  
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach  
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,  
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*? Oh who can name  
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,  
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,  
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,  
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,  
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,  
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!  
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.  
 An *English* muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,  
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.  
 Greatly distressed! thy loud complaints forbear,  
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;  
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own  
 The fatal field by such great leaders won;  
 The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away  
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell  
 The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell,  
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,  
 Or midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd:

Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains  
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;  
 Ev'n those who' scape the fetters and the sword,  
 Nor seek the fortunes of the happier lord,  
 Their raging king dishonours, to compleat  
*Marlbro's* great work, and finish the defeat.  
 From *Memminghen's* high domes, and *Ausburg's* walls,  
 The distant battle drives th' insulting *Gauls*,  
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name  
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;  
 While *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,  
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:  
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,  
 O'er the wide continent his march extends;  
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,  
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;  
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
 The fate of *Europe* turns on its event:  
 What distant land, what region can afford  
 An action worthy his victorious sword:  
 Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,  
 To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen *Rhine* rushing with all its force  
 Divides the hostile nations in its course,  
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,  
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,  
 On *Gallia's* side a mighty bulwark stands,  
 That all the wide-extended plain commands;  
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd  
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;  
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd  
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd,

Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,  
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects,  
 And tho' the dog-star had its course begun,  
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun :  
 Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets  
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats :  
 No toils are painful that can danger show,  
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,  
 Learns to encamp within his native land,  
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,  
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies;  
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain  
 Of *Marlbro's* sword, and *Hocstet's* fatal plain :  
 In vain *Britannia's* mighty chief besets  
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;  
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,  
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

*Austria's* young monarch, whose imperial sway,  
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,  
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,  
 That in the *Pagan* gods his lineage ends,  
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own  
 The great supporter of his father's throne :  
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,  
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man !  
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,  
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt  
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port  
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !  
*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And *Nereus* shone but in the second place ;  
 Thus the great father of almighty *Rome*  
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom

That *Cytherea's* fragrant breath bestow'd.)  
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by *Marlbro's* presence charm'd,  
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,  
On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,  
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,  
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,  
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The *British* chief, for mighty toils renown'd,  
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,  
To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,  
And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,  
Clearing its borders from usurping foes.  
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes :  
*Treves* fears no more, freed from its dire alarms ;  
And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,  
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,  
While *Marlbro'* presses to the bold attack ;  
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,  
And shews how *Landau* might have fall'n before.  
Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears  
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,  
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,  
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;  
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,  
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,  
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

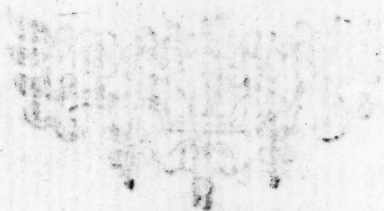
Such are th' effects of *Anna's* royal cares :  
By her *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,  
Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
By her th' unfetter'd *Ister's* states are free,  
And taste the sweets of *English* liberty :



But who can tell the joys of those that lie  
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !  
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,  
 Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,  
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,  
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia's* wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse,  
 That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.  
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;  
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,  
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;  
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.  
*Marlbro's* exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own native light ;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
 And those who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.



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A  
**LETTER from ITALY**

*To the Right Honourable*

**CHARLES Lord HALIFAX,**

*In the Year, MDCCI.*

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,  
Magna virum! tibi res antiqua laudis et artis  
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

**VIRG. Geo. 2.**

**W**HILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,  
And from *Britannia's* public posts retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime,  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How I am pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !  
 To view the *Nar* tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,  
 To see the *Mincio* draw his wat'ry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
 And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
*Eridanus* thro' flowery meadows stray,  
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains  
 The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
 That destitute of strength derives its course  
 From thirsty urns and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys;



So high the deathless muse exalts her theme !  
 Such was the *Boyne*, a poor inglorious stream,  
 'That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd :  
 'Till by your lines, and *Nassau's* sword renown'd,  
 Its rising billows through the world resound,  
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire,  
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And *Virgil's Italy* should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coasts of *Britain's* stormy isle,  
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air,  
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :  
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some god, to *Baia's* gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats ;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride :  
 Blossoms and fruits, and flowers together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry,  
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie,  
 An amphitheater's amazing height  
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
 That on its public shows unpeopled *Rome*,  
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb :

Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies :  
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,  
 Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid :  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And wond'ring at their height thro' airy channels flow,  
 Still to new scenes, my wandering muse retires,  
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;  
 Where the smooth chissel all his force has shown,  
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone ;

In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* consuls stand,  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
 Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,  
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light  
 A new creation rises to my sight,  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound,  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And opening palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land !  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand ?  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,  
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,

While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heav'nly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee *Britannia's* isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought?  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies.  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine;  
 'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* isle, [smile.  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with towering piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:

'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state,  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.  
 The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terror cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite,  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom *Nassau's* arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and different tongues resound,  
 I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like *Virgil's*, or like yours, should praise.





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